THE EXPLANATION.

To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we.*

I.

Our Prieſts in holy Pilgrimage,
Quite through the Land have gon,
Surveying each Religious Houſe
Of Abbot, Fryer, and Nun:
The yearly Rent,
And full Extent
Of every one they know;
And in whoſe hands
Are all our Lands
As ancient Writers ſhow.

II.

Thoſe Places all ſhall be reſtor'd,
As in ſhort time you'll hear;
I know the Man has paſt his Word,
Of which you need not fear:
He did ne'er evade
One Promiſe made,
Nor fail'd a Friend in Woe;
But when 'twill be,
Nor I, nor he,
Nor the Devil himſelf does know.

III.

Religious Men ſhall hither haſte,
Their Zeal ſhall make 'em run;
The Jeſui'ts ſhall your Wives keep Chaſte,
Each Fryer Confeſs his Nun:
The Men ſhall Shrive,
The Women Sw——ve
So all ſhall be forgiven,
Your Daughters Whore,
Then quit their Score,
And make 'em fit for Heaven.

IV.

For Lady Abbeſs ſhall appear
An old Flux'd Bawd or Punk,
Has F——k'd and B——gger'd Threeſcore years,
Talk'd Bawdy, and been Drunk,
Religious Puns
To teach the Nuns
Committed to her Charge;
And mortifie
Their Lechery,
As Nature does enlarge.

V.

The Veſtals all ſhall Virgins be
That never went aſtray,
Have been train'd up Religiouſly
The clean contrary way:
In *Julian*'s Song
For Whoring long,
Tho' oft they've noted bin;
Nature of Force
Will have its Courſe,
'Twas all but Venial Sin.

VI.

Your Colleges ſhall be our own,
As Vacancy does fall;
We'll ſtrip each Doctor of his Gown,
The Parſons turn out all:
Ther Revenues great,
With pleaſant Seat,
The Church to us has given,
To ſing you Maſs,
Confeſs each Aſs,
And make you fit for Heaven.

VII.

Nor will we any longer wait,
After ſuch Notice given;
Nor ſhall they in the Pulpits prate,
Or teach the way to Heaven:
'Tis our Province
You to convince;
Our Arguments ſhall be,
Without diſpute
To make you mute,
Then, Hey Boys, up go we.

VII.

Now, Hereticks, conſider well
The Game you have to play;
You yet may keep on this ſide Hell,
If warn'd by what we ſay:
But e'er your Lands
Shall 'ſcape our Hands,
Which have been long our due;
We'll Stab, we'll Shoot,
And Damn to boot,
Then, Hey Boys, up go you.

FINIS.